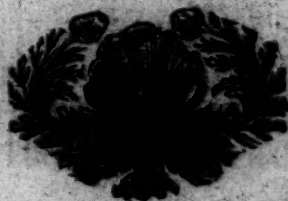


SCELUS'S GHOST:
OR, THE
LAWYER'S WARNING PIECE.
A
BALLAD.

To the Tune of William and Margaret.

By J. M. S. S. S.

Etiam Mortuus loquitur.



LONDON:

Printed for W. OWEN, at *Temple-Bar.* 1748.

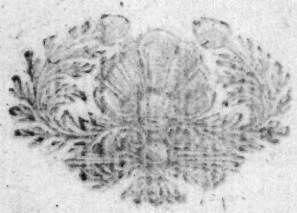
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SECRETUS GHOST:
OR THE
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A
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Edmund Newton's Edition.



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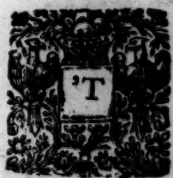
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† *SCELUS*'s GHOST.

OR, THE

LAWYER'S WARNING PIECE.

I.



WAS at the dark and silent Hour,

When dreary Ghosts arise,

When Watchmen sleep upon their Guard,

And Robbers seek a Prize.

2.

When *Bung* surveys his shining Hoard,

When *Stercus*' stinking Trade,

Poisons the Neighbours all around,

And **** goes drunk to Bed.

† The End of this Essay was not merely to rake into the Ashes of the Dead, or to revive the Memory of their Crimes, which had been better buried in eternal Oblivion, but as Surgeons are permitted to anatomize the Dead for the Benefit of the Living, so I presume 'tis lawful for me to characterize 'em with the same View.

B

3. Then

3.

Then *Scelus*' grisly Ghost arose

All dreadful from the Tomb,
And grimly stalking doubled all

The Horrors of the Gloom.

4.

No more in splendid gay Attire,

Is he, as erst array'd,

And like him Reader thou'lt be dress'd,

When like him thou art dead.

5.

Thrice o'er his Grave three dismal Groans

He gave, then lift on high

Those guilty Hands which oft' had made,

For Bread the Orphan cry.

6. Thrice

6.

Thrice his deceitful Head he shook,
 Which once each Wile had known,
 Which honest Men had ruin'd oft',
 And made the Widow groan.

7.

Then thus for former Crimes he mourn'd,
 Ah what a Wretch am I!
 Who heard regardless Orphans Moans,
 And saw them pine and die.

8.

Oft' have I seen the Widow's Tears,
 Quite heedless of their Pain,
 And tho' they pity oft' implored
 From me, 'twas all in vain.

9. The

9.

The innocent I saw accus'd,
 For Crimes to them unknown,
 And often joy'd to see their Woes,
 For Faults they ne'er had done.

10.

No wonder I no Mercy found,
 Since I no Mercy gave,
 And now no further Hope remains,
 No hope is in the Grave.

11.

A long long Night must I go thro',
 'Till the last Morn appear;
 And what! Oh what must then ensue!
 What then have I to fear!

12. He

12.

He said, and with a solemn Gait,
 He sought the* well-known Place,
 Where many a Suppliant oft had su'd,
 In vain to him for Grace.

13.

Then close to † Scriptor's Bed he came,
 And drew the Curtains wide,
 And utt'ring forth a dismal Groan,
Scriptor! awake, he cry'd:

14.

Awake! awake! 'tis *Scelus* calls,
 Come from the dreary Grave,
 By good Advice from *Satan's* Pow'r,
 Thy sinful Soul to save.

* His House.

† His Clerk.

This

15.

This is the silent solemn Hour,
 When wretched Ghosts arise,
 The Grave has now resign'd me up
 Thee *Scriptor* to advise.

16.

To warn thee of those num'rous Crimes,
 Thou learn'd'st from wretched me
 And to advise thee while thou may'st
 From all those Faults to flee;

17.

Left thou should'st share an equal Doom,
 Learn from this Woe of Mine.
 Nor let thro' Negligence my Fate
 E'er happen to be thine.

18. But

18.

But I must haste to yonder Town,
 Before the rising Morn,
 To fly from Crimes resembling mine,
 A Brother Quill to warn.

19.

Farewell: A long and last Adieu
 From wretched me receive,
 And for thy quondam Master's sake,
 Repent, return and live.

20.

He spake, and vanish'd from his sight,
 With many a deep fetch'd Groan,
 And instantaneously he hastes
 To seek the neighb'ring Town.

C

21. The

21.

The Walls he easily pervades,
 No Bulwarks Sprites regard,
 Thro' Gates of Adament they'll pass,
 Tho' thrice securely barr'd.

22.

Close to the Guard-house then he came,
 Where all secure he found,
 Soldiers and their Superiors all,
 In sleep's soft Fetters bound.

23.

Then ne'er that Slaught'ring House he past,
 Where Beasts resign their Breath,
 And from the Hands of fellow Brutes
 Receive the Stroke of Death.

24. Here

24.

Here num'rous Ghosts of Oxen slain,
 Vengeance for Blood implore,
 And Herds of Swine grunt forth Revenge
 For Seas of reeking Gore.

25.

Next to a lofty Dome he came,
 Where *Somnus* now resides,
 And o'er the Bus'ness of the Town,
 In written Heaps presides.

26.

Then to the Street where stands the Church,
 He grimly stalk'd and there,
 He fix'd his glaring Eyes and wifh'd
 He had but Room for Pray'r ;

27. That

27.

That I neglected erst he cry'd,
 And now my Time is gone,
 Nor can Repentance aught avail.
 Or past Neglect atone.

28.

He said, and groaning enter'd in
 To *Fur's* new chose Abode,
 Who sleeping dreamt of double Fees,
 T'encrease his Client's Load:

29.

His Bills he thought were doubled all,
 And all Taxation o'er,
 Nor thought he, is there any Cause
 To fee a Master more.

30.

Scelus the Curtains open wide,
 Drew with his clay cold Hand,
 And brother thrice he loudly call'd,
 Awake at my Command.

31. See

31.

See from the dreary Grave I come,
To warn thee of thy Fate,
Repent of all thy Crimes, nor stay
As I did 'till too late.

32.

Lo, I pronounce that Death shall soon
upon thy Body seize,
Nor shall thy hoarded Heaps of Wealth
Obtain thee a Release.

33.

Unless thou now forsak'st thy Crimes,
And dost thy Faults atone,
By soon restoring those thou'st wrong'd,
What justly is their own.

34.

Nor shall thy Brethren of the Quill,
Tho' somewhat longer spar'd,
At last a better End obtain,
But meet their just Reward.

35. Unless

35.

Unless they follow this advice,
 And dare reject a Fee
 When offer'd to oppress the Just,
 Or set the Guilty free.

36.

Bibax is gone, and *Gulo* soon
 Shall feel the dreadful Blow,
 Nor *Crassus* shall escape it long,
 If he to mend is slow.

37.

Rarus (tho' little now employ'd)
 Must meet the self same Fate,
 And *Tardus* too, unless they shun
 Their Crimes, ere 'tis too late.

38.

Senex tho' now he's wealthy grown,
 Shall ne'er escape this Doom,
 Unless by virtuous Deeds he seeks,
 To fly the yawning Tomb.

39. Nor

39.

Nor shall the yet remaining Group,
 Tho' now by me unnam'd
 Unless their Evils they desert,
 Escape from being damn'd.

40.

But hark! the * Rooks their Noise commence,
 And tell the Dawn is nigh,
 And I again to Realms of Death
 Must instantaneous fly.

41.

So fare you well; this last Adieu
 From hapless me receive,
 And take Advice, for 'tis the last
 That *Scelus* e'er shall give.

42.

Now radiant Morning shew'd her Head,
 The Sun made Nature gay,
 Shot forth his Beams serenely Bright,
 And spread abroad the Day.

* A Rookery was contiguous to the House.

43.

For tremblings seiz'd in ev'ry Limb,
 Forsook his wreaking Bed,
 And much rejoic'd when he from where
 The Shade had stood was fled.

44.

Long he resolv'd to take th' Advice
 The Ghost to him had giv'n,
 And try t'escape the dreary Grave,
 And get at last to Heav'n.

45.

Now Clients enter'd in apace,
 He takes the tempting Fee,
 And *Scelus*, soon forgets at once
 Thy Tale, thy Fate and thee.

Qui capit ille facit.

F I N I S